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object in relief; it cannot give substance, nor define relative distances so as to maintain the objects in their proper places. We have urged the necessity of judicious selection of subject matter, and we have now to observe that how well soever the subject may compose, it is yet necessary that it be effective in its chiaroscuro; for it greatly depends upon the happy or unskillful distribution of the lights and darks, whether a composition appears confused and broken, or agreeably united into one harmonious whole. There are times when the most commonplace material may strike us as beautiful; and in a converse aspect, the most charming scenery may become void of interest. The matter-of-fact presentations of the breadth of a meridian light, and the same passages of landscape viewed under the shades of evening, affect the feelings very differently. In the latter there is a charm which operates upon minds the least susceptible of impression from the beauties of nature: and if it be necessary to cultivate a discrimination even with respect to degrees of the beautiful, how much more necessary is it to study to acquire the power of conferring importance on, and investing with interest, any slight subject matter which we may have to treat. This is, after all, the test of the master—the power of giving, by means of judicious light and shade, importance to comparatively insignificant matter. The general principle acted upon by all artists, is to dispose the lights and shades of their work in the manner best suited to the treatment they propose for their work. If we turn to cut 5, we find a dark mass reared against a light sky, and immediately supported by shaded objects of different degrees of depth, and repetitions of dark in the foreground; with very little change, the arrangement of light and shade might be adapted to a great variety of combinations.

The simplest form of effect is the opposition of two masses. If the subject be dark—as a building or a group of trees—it will be relieved by a light sky: if it be light, the sky will be darker. This simple opposition we mention in order to observe that in every pictorial composition it prevails in the great masses and throughout the details, but the principle is concealed in proportion as the work is successful. Every dark must be relieved by a light; and every light must tell against a dark: this is the law of natural chiaroscuro, and in art it is the principle of relief; but the contrasts must not seem harsh or artificial.

The forms of light and shade are subject to the same laws as those of objects: hence, if a subject be treated with a breadth of light, the principal mass must not regularly divide the composition either vertically or horizontally. If shade prevail in the picture, the same rule applies; but light or shade may be introduced at either side of the picture, occupying the entire plane, and diminishing to a point at the opposite extremity of the horizon.

In a light picture a simple and agreeable effect is produced by placing the principal dark or most substantial point on the right or the left in the foreground, and from this point approaching the base of the picture and the horizon with graduated tones broken and varied according to the kind of objects introduced.

The examples of light and shade here recommended are extremely simple; and a knowledge of them will prepare the student for an acquaintance with dispositions of greater complexity, of which it were beyond our intention in this brief essay to treat.

We here conclude the publication of the essay upon the art of sketching from Nature. There are three or four other works in the same series in which instructive information is given in the art of drawing landscapes in water colors—and also in the art of oil painting. We shall probably, at some future day, republish one or more of these works.

Translated for the Bulletin.

GLEANINGS FROM FRENCH JOURNALS.

PORTRAIT PAINTING.

A deplorable prejudice, the fruit of ignorance in the public, and of the indolence and carelessness of modern artists, causes portraiture now-a-days to be considered an inferior department of Art. I entertain a contrary opinion, and think that a portrait is one of the most difficult, and at the same time, most important works an Artist can attempt. But it ought, I confess, to be treated in a very superior manner. Can it be that the representation of the human countenance, and the sentiments and passions which agitate it, is not more interesting, and exacts no more extended observation, or profound knowledge, than that of the material and inanimate objects which compose a landscape or some genre picture in which the characters, for the most part, are little else than accessories? Is it not chiefly here that there must be made to shine forth that radiance of the soul—too fugitive and evanescent—to be easily seized? Certain am I that the Portraits of *TITIAN*, *PAUL VERONESE*, *BRONZINO*, *VANDYCK*, *RUBENS*, *RIGAUD*, and *LARGILLIERE* are worth as much, almost in respect to composition, as the more celebrated works of these Artists; for in addition to the talent they display, is the charm of making us familiarly acquainted with the distinguished men and women whom their pencils have handed down to posterity. Modern portraiture is certainly ungratifying and wearisome. This is the fault of the painters themselves, even those who have the highest reputations. In this department, they have done nothing which approaches the ancients. Their work is dead, dry, cold, inelegant, resembling for the most part, ill-colored images cut out and pasted on the canvas. The drawing in particular is neglected. There are no muscles under the flesh, no veins, no blood under the skin. The hands are of wood or pasteboard, and without appreciable forms. In going back to an epoch not very remote, the reign of *LOUIS XV.*, we find *NATTIER*, the *VAN LOOS*, *TOCQUE*, *CHARDIN*, *AVED*, *DROUVAIS*, *GREUZE*, *MADAME LEBRUN*, and others who left us excellent portraits. Under the Empire, *PRUDHON* and *GROS* continued the renown which our School had justly acquired in this branch. But the Restoration witnessed the extinction of Portraiture, and it was obliged to employ *LAWRENCE*, an Englishman, to obtain presentable specimens of its official personages. Since then, it is *M. WINTERHALTER*, a German, who takes all the aristocratic commissions. Now this Artist's talent is to that of *LAWRENCE* what *WATTEAU* of *Lille*, is to *WATTEAU* of *Valenciennes*—what the gleaming of a poor little light is to the glow of a fine sunset.

A common-place portrait painter does nothing more than to put features together upon the canvas. An artist of genius traces with an intelligent hand a man's entire moral or intellectual history. A portrait-painter needs something more than a good eye. He will never produce a work of any value beyond that of the mere dexterity of execution, if he is not a profound observer, learned physiologist, and philosopher enough even to penetrate the conscience of his model, and fasten upon the features the true movement which the habits of thought, of feeling, or of passion, have stamped there with the mysterious seal of their passage. This is the rea-

son why some portraits, taken from memory or scratched off by a few strokes of the lead pencil, make a livelier impression on the spectator than those in which an artist has wearied his model by a long sitting. I remember what a celebrated miniature painter, the late *M. Jacques*, told me one day. He said that having worked under *Lawrence*, he had caught some secrets from that great man. *Lawrence* never had his sitters in his atelier: he placed them in an adjoining parlor in company with one or two persons, and asked them to converse without any attention to his proceedings. He came to the door now and then, and caught their characteristic expressions almost without their knowledge. It was thus, doubtless, he was able to produce such fine and delicate resemblances.

—It is not always well to paint the whole truth, and although sincerity is extremely praiseworthy, we can scarcely approve the somewhat brutal frankness of an old artist, who, while making the portrait of a lady whose face was slightly broken out, took considerable trouble to reproduce all the pimples that he saw before him. "My dear sir," said the lady, "you are not aware of what you are about. You are painting my pimples—they are merely accidental—they make no part of my face." "Bon, bon, madame," replied he, "if you hadn't these, you would have others."

CASANOVA, in his memoirs, thus describes *NATTIER*, the portrait-painter to the Court, whom he knew in Paris in the year 1750. This great Artist was then eighty years old, and in spite of his advanced age, seemed to preserve his fine talents unimpaired. He painted the portrait of an ugly woman, so that the resemblance was perfect, and yet notwithstanding that, those who had only seen her portrait considered her to be beautiful. The most careful examination could detect no infidelity in the likeness. But an imperceptible something had given to the *ensemble* a real although undefinable beauty. Whence came this magic? I asked him the question myself one day just after he had finished two ugly ladies of the Royal family, who on his canvas had the air of two *Aspasias*. He answered me: "It is a magic that the God of Taste transports from my mind into my brushes. It is that divinity of beauty which all the world adores, and nobody can define, because nobody knows in what it consists. All this shows how delicate in reality is the gradation that exists between ugliness and beauty. That gradation, however, seems immense and startling to those who have no knowledge of our Art."

COLOR.

Generally speaking the harmony of a composition will be so much the more durable in proportion as the painter has felt confidence in his pencil, has planted his touches with more certainty and freedom, worked over and *tortured* his color less often, and used it with more simplicity and purity.

We see some modern paintings that lose their harmony in a very little time, while there are old works which preserve their freshness, unity and vigor for centuries. This advantage seems to me to be the result of the handling rather than the quality of the pigments.

Nothing in a painting speaks with so much force as true color. It speaks to the ignorant as well as the learned. A half-connoisseur will pass on without stopping before a *chef-d'œuvre*



THE EMIGRANTS' LAST LOOK UPON HOME.

Designed and drawn upon wood by THOMAS F. HOPPIN. Engraved by BOBBETT & EDMONDS.

of drawing, expression and composition, but no eye has ever neglected the colorist.

What renders a true colorist rare is the general adoption of some master to imitate. For a long time the pupil copies his master's pictures, and never looks at nature; that is to say, he habituates himself to look through another man's eyes, and loses the use of his own. By degrees he makes for himself a technicality, which fetters him and of which he cannot rid himself. He has put a chain upon his eyes as the galley-slave wears one on his legs. This is the origin of so many false colorists. He who copies DECAMPS is glittering and solid. He who copies DELACROIX is reddish and brickly. And hence too that variety of opinions about form and color, even among artists. One will tell you that Poussin is dry; another that RUBENS is extravagant.

It has been said that the finest color in the world is that charming blush with which innocence, youth, health, modesty and chastity tinge the cheeks of a young girl. This is not only a delicate and ingenious thought, but it is a true one also. Of all things, flesh is the most difficult to render. It is that unctuous whiteness—that evenness of surface, which is neither pale nor unpolished—that mingling of blue and red, which gleams almost imperceptibly through the skin—it is the blood—the life—which reduces the colorist to despair. He who has gained the true sentiment of flesh, has taken a wide step. The rest is comparatively nothing. A thousand painters have died without knowing what the true sentiment of flesh was; a thousand more will die without knowing it.

* * * * *

The general tone of color may be feeble without being false. It may be feeble without being inharmonious. On the contrary, it is vigorous color which it is most difficult to unite with harmony.

To paint white, and to paint light, are two very different undertakings. Other things being equal, the most luminous of two compositions

will please you the best, just as you prefer day to night.

Who then in my eyes is the true, the great colorist? It is he who takes the tone of nature and of well-lighted objects, and knows how to make his picture at the same time, harmonious.

[The following advice, it should be remembered, is given to those who have too much Academic practice, and is not so well suited to our meridian, where there is not enough of it.—Ed.]

DRAWING FROM THE MODEL.

In all these great Christian or Pagan compositions, (the writer refers to several works of much pretension in a recent exhibition in Paris,) we feel that the poor painters have put themselves to the torture to prove to us, that they have learned their profession. They have learned it certainly, but they do not comprehend it. You think, perhaps, that all those five years passed at the Academy in drawing from the model, were well spent; but would you like to know my opinion about them? It was precisely then, during those sad and painful years, that you acquired the mannerism that disfigures your drawing. All those academic attitudes, stiff, formal, gotten up for the occasion—all those various actions coldly imitated by some poor devil, (and always by the same poor devil,) hired to come three times a week to strip and turn himself into the professors' mannikin, what have all these in common with the positions and actions of nature? What has the man who draws water in the well of your courtyard in common with him, who, without the same burden to raise, awkwardly imitates this action with uplifted arms, on the platform of the drawing school? What has he, who "makes believe" die in common with him, who expires in his bed, or who is struck down in the streets. That individual who implores, prays, sleeps, reflects and faints away at your bidding, what has he in common with the countryman prostrated by fatigue upon the earth, the philosopher meditating by his fireside, or the man who is suddenly taken ill on the sidewalk?

Nothing, my friend, nothing at all! To complete the absurdity, the pupils should be sent to learn grace of Cellarius, or some other dancing master. In fact, natural truths are forgotten, and the imagination is filled with stiff positions, affected attitudes and ridiculous figures. Every time the artist takes up his pencil or his porte-crayon, these ugly phantoms rise and present themselves. He cannot tear himself away from them—It will be a wonder if he ever exorcises them. I once knew a young man full of talent, who before drawing a line prayed to be "delivered from the model." If it be rare now-a-days, to see a picture of many figures without finding among them certain academic positions and attitudes which are mortally tiresome to people of taste, and can only impose upon those who are unfamiliar with the truths of nature, lay the blame upon the eternal study of the model.

Why, in fact, it is an art, and a great art, that of setting the model. You should see how such and such a professor is vain of his skill. You will never catch him saying to the poor hireling devil, "my friend, take a *posé* yourself—stand as you please." Oh no, he offers to twist him into some singular and unusual attitude rather than allow him to take by himself a simple and natural one.

I have been tempted a hundred times to say to the boys I meet on their way to the Louvre, with their portfolios under their arms, "my friends, how long have you been drawing there?" "Four years."—"Very well, that is longer than is necessary.—Leave that great mannerism-shop.—This is the eve of a festival: go to the parish church, and take a look at the confessionals, there you will find the true attitudes of self-examination and repentance: go to-morrow to the public gardens, there you will see the proper *posés* of men in a passion: go to public places: make your studies in the streets, market places, the houses you visit; it is thus only that you will collect just ideas of the true movements of outward life."



THE SCOUTING PARTY.

Drawn on wood by MILLER, from the original by RANNEY, and engraved by RICHARDSON.

GRAPES AND CHIARO-SCURO.

All the magic of *Chiáro-scuro* has been reduced to the study of a bunch of grapes. It is a fine idea, which may be still further simplified. Diaz understands it. A single grape may represent the vastest scene. Fix your point of sight and graduate your lights and shadows as you see them on the grape. Trace on your canvas the circular limit of the light and shadow. In the place of your principal group draw in perspective a prism of the size of your chief figure, continue the lines of this prism to all the points which bound your canvas. You will thus neither offend against the laws of light, nor perspective.

A CURIOUS USE OF PASTEL DRAWING.

ROSALBA CARIERA, the pride of Venice, and the idol of the French Court, was fully acquainted with all the resources of the art of drawing in pastels. She equalled the best masters in this department, and a few hours' time was sufficient for her to make a *chefd'œuvre*. She had painted a Parisian lady in all the radiance of youth and beauty. This portrait was intended for the lover of the lady, and Rosalba had painted it like a woman, who herself knew how to love. The innamorato found his chief delight in the picture. He remained before it for hours, forgetting in the contemplation of the dear image the sorrows of his long separation. But the liveliest passions are not always the most lasting. Another lady appeared one day, and he became faithless to his first love. The poor forsaken damsel confided her sorrows to Rosal-

ba, who consoled her and bade her not give up all hope. Without explaining her design, the lady artist bribed the servant of the faithless lover, and by this means got possession for an hour, while the master was absent from his rooms, of the pastel portrait that had lost all its eloquence. Once within her hands, she gave to it a few skilful touches, and put it back in its place.

The next day the Chevalier (he was a Chevalier) looked at it from a sort of habit he had fallen into; but what an inexplicable change! The portrait which was usually lovely and smiling, and glowing with voluptuous color, presented now a pallid countenance, eyes swimming with tears, and an expression of unspeakable grief.* It seemed to the Chevalier to utter the reproaches which his treason had only too well deserved. He felt a sincere sorrow for the sad state into which he had plunged her whom he had loved so warmly. His passion, which had for an instant gone astray, returned to its old channel. He rushed to the arms of his young mistress, and the romance finished, as all romances do, by a marriage, which was the happiest thing in the world, as every marriage is—in a romance.

Now what could Rosalba have done had she been obliged to re-touch an oil painting instead of a pastel? Why, the desolate damsel would never have seen her runaway again, and the

* Drawing in pastels is executed with dry paints, reduced to impalpable powder, and applied with the ends of the fingers. It is executed with great rapidity, and one of its principal advantages is its power of producing striking effects with but little labor.

lawyers would have lost the drawing of a good marriage settlement.

THE UNCERTAINTY OF CATALOGUES.

It is customary, in the catalogues of French Exhibitions, to describe portraits by initials or titles, instead of saying "of a gentleman," or "of a lady." More than one mischievous spectator may be seen to smile upon recognizing his washerwoman or his glove-merchant under the pseudonym of Madame the Countess of ****. A pretty girl has a great many privileges, and among the rest that of being painted gratis. In this connection I will tell you a recent anecdote. It occurred to one of our fashionable painters. Two or three years ago, Babet ran away by stealth from a private cottage at Brie, to come and seek her fortune at Paris. From that time to this her poor parents had not heard a word about her. Last January her mother came to Paris to sell cheeses. They took her to the Exhibition. She had scarcely put her foot in the Great Saloon when she shrieked and fainted. When she came to her senses, she rushed up to one of the finest portraits in the gallery, and with the most lively emotion cried out, "Mon Dieu, it is my child—my child." The catalogue was consulted, and it was found to be *Portrait of Madame the Baroness of S.* "It cannot be," said the by-standers, "it is the Baroness; it cannot be your daughter." "It is she, my good sirs; it is her very self. Don't I see her great blue eyes, her long lashes, and that little freckle mark at the corner of her mouth? It is Babet, it is my daughter!"

The poor mother hurried to the artist, accompanied by the shopwoman who had taken her to

the Exhibition. It was the only means of finding the address of the Baroness. All the way she was in ecstasies. "My daughter Babet is a great lady! I always said that her eyes were too soft for a country girl's, and her hands too small to milk Brunette and Margot."

They reached the painters. The first person the poor mother saw on entering was her daughter displayed upon a high table, and bound by the arms to a pasteboard rock. "Madame, the Baroness," was posing for a picture of *Andromeda*, that you will see at the next exhibition. An abundance of tears was shed on both sides. The maternal authority carried the day at last, and *Andromeda* returned to her cheeses, although it is said that Brunette and Margot found great difficulty in recognizing the hand that had fed them.

M. COURBET.

—M. COURBET is the artistic lion of the day. It is said he is a little intoxicated by his success, and a pleasant story is told to illustrate it. His picture is called in the catalogue *Un Enterrement à Ornans*, "A burial at Ornans" instead of "Ornans," as it should have been printed. The artist strongly protested against this typographical mistake, and asked that it should be rectified in all the copies.

"That would be difficult," said Dantan, "for more than twenty thousand are sold already. Do better than this. You have, they say, some influence in the district?"

"Certainly, I am its chief artist."

"Very well; ask it to change its name. Let it be called henceforth *Ornus* instead of *Ornans*. You can alter the geography more easily than the catalogue."

MM. MULLER AND COUTURE.

—It is M. MULLER's picture, the *Appel des derniers victimes de la Terreur*, that attracts the most attention. COUTURE's fine speech seems to be realized, that he is said to have addressed to his comrade before the Exhibition. He has himself been occupied for a long time upon a great work representing the *Departure of the Volunteers of 1792*, which he might have finished for the present season. He listened to the suggestions of friendship rather than self interest, and was unwilling to compete with Muller. "Go on my friend," said he, "and exhibit without fear. I lend France to you for this year. You shall give it back to me the next." So it seems that until 1852 France belongs exclusively to M. Muller.

HORACE VERNET.

—HORACE VERNET possesses, without exception, all the qualities of his art which go to make up the highest degree of talent, but which exactly stop short of genius. Nobody has a more faithful memory, a more ingenious intellect, a quicker hand, a richer palette, a more brilliant imagination than he. But his dexterity charms the eye without touching the heart. We marvel at his style as much on account of the means he employs as their result; and that which pleases us in his pictures is less their real value than the facility of their production. It is with him as with some rich men, whose stately opulence we admire, without troubling ourselves with the lawfulness of its acquisition.

THE VENUS OF MELOS.

[Our readers will recollect that the *Venus de Milo* forms one of the chief treasures of the

Louvre. Melos is an island of the Ægean Sea, about 60 square miles in extent, and containing about five hundred inhabitants. A Greek peasant, in the year 1820, found there a statue of Venus, as well as three Hermes, which were bought by the Marquis de la Riviere, French ambassador at Constantinople, and are now in the Louvre. The Venus is of the finest Parian marble, to which the color of ivory has been given. It is called by the Parisian amateurs *la femme du Torse*. The lower part of the figure is beautifully draped. The sculptor is unknown. Müller states, that if the inscription belongs to it, it is the work of an artist of Antioch on the Mæander. A recent French Journal contains an extract from a book about to be published by M. Marcellus, who, we believe, is the Marquis de la Riviere himself, in which some interesting details are given respecting this statue.]

The schooner *Estafette* left Rhodes, with this statue on board, on the 20th of August, 1820. After the vessel was fairly sailing upon her course, the Greek pilot congratulated the author on their getting off so successfully. Being asked for an explanation, he said:

"The day before yesterday I was at the house of a Smyrniote merchant, who, with his wife and two daughters, are settled at Rhodes, where he is engaged in the sponge trade. In the course of conversation I told them all that had passed between yourself and the chief men of Melos, where, in exchange for a great white stone which nets may be bought and boats mended. Now, as I am fond of a little mischief, especially when I am ashore, instead of saying any thing about the white stone, I called it by the name of the prettiest girl of our village, that is to say, Maritsa, whom you admired so much. I made these good people believe that you had carried her off to marry her, and were keeping her carefully on board of the schooner; and that, from your fear of the Turks (to say nothing of the Greeks), you never allowed her to take off her veil, or leave the 'between decks.' You must know these Rhodian women are as full of curiosity as those of Melos or Naxos. They plied me with all kinds of questions. They attacked my veracity. They defied me to give them a proof of what I had stated. Well, to avoid the reputation of being a liar, which I deserved, perhaps, I consented to let them have a peep at your recluse, but at a great distance, and after dark, and under the express condition that they shouldn't say a word, or make the least noise to wake her up, as it was necessary to take advantage of her sleep to pay our mysterious visit. Every thing being agreed upon, my friends came on board, under pretext of inspecting the schooner, and saw in the dark, and enveloped in drapery which I had removed from the region of the face, your Maritsa, stretched out upon her couch. Contrary to my expectations, however, these Smyrniotes spoke of the circumstance about the streets, and yesterday, from the wharves, as far as the Palace of the Grand Masters, every body was for having me tell the story. Finally, I heard this morning that the Governor himself had been informed of it: for you see, whatever a Greek woman knows, a Turkish woman is not very slow in finding out. The Governor's odalisques, who have more curiosity even than our people, have been turning the Harem up side down to get a look

at the sleeping beauty. Their master did not venture at first to make a direct request, but he sent you great baskets of grapes and melons as propitiatory gifts. And if we had not left in good season, he would have come on board this evening, to ask for his women, and perhaps for himself, the favor of a nocturnal interview. He passes in the Archipelago for a man very susceptible to beauty. I should have laughed if I had played this trick upon a Turk who is almost a Pacha. But we are now at a great distance from Rhodes, and there is nothing to be afraid of."

A BIOGRAPHICAL, TECHNOLOGICAL, AND TOPICAL DICTIONARY OF ART.

[Continued.]

[It is intended to include in this Dictionary, which will be continued from time to time in the Bulletin, biographical notices of artists, ancient and modern, living and dead, native and foreign; as well as explanations of technical terms, and other matters of interest to the student of art.]

ARCHITRAVE. The lowest division of the entablature in classical architecture resting immediately on the abacus of the capital: also the ornamental moulding running round the exterior curve of an arch and hence applied to the mouldering round the openings of doors, and windows.

ARCHIVOLT. The under curve or surface of an arch from impost to impost.

ARCHITECTURAL PAINTING. The principal kind of painting of inanimate objects, representing the creations of man, surrounded by nature, or independent of her. This branch of Art gives us great or small buildings, either single or grouped together, their exteriors or interiors, their details, proportions, and characteristics, according to the rules of perspective. Architectural painting has done much for the Æsthetics of Art, and also for its History in perpetuating the features of architectural monuments which may disappear under the touch of time. It is therefore important to the future historian of Art; and many an architectural painting has thus become useful to us at the present day. With the addition of natural features appropriately and tastefully introduced, such paintings are useful as Views. Among those artists who have devoted themselves particularly to Architectural Painting, the most eminent are Gentile Bellini and V. Carpaccio. Later, but much inferior in truthfulness, are Canaletti and Claude. Among our contemporaries who have practised successfully this branch of painting, we may mention Turner, Roberts, Prout, Stanfield, Cattermole, Harding, Nash, and Haghe. Architectural Painting has recently made great progress in Germany, through the works of A. von Behr, W. Gail, D. Quaglio, M. Nether, R. Weigmann, H. Kintze, K. F. W. Kloes, E. Dietrich, G. Pulian, Dyck, and A. Hermann.

ARDELL. A celebrated mezzotinto engraver, stated to have been born in Ireland about the year 1710. His works are chiefly portraits, but he also executed historical subjects after VANDYCK, MURILLO, and others.

ARETUSI. Historical and portrait painter, born at Bologna—flourished about 1590—distinguished himself as an able copyist—painted excellent portraits, particularly at the Courts of Parma and Fenara. His style resembled Correggio's, and his works have been taken for originals of that master.

ARFIAN. A Spanish painter in fresco and oil—a student of Murillo—flourished in 1551.

ARIAS. (Fernandez Antonio.) A distinguished Spanish painter—a pupil of Pedro de las Cuevas. He died about 1680.

ARISTIDE. A painter of Thebes, who flourished about 340 years before Christ, was the pupil of Euxeridas, contemporary of Pampilus, and lived long enough to witness the great success of Apelles. He was the first, according